PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

4

4.00

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscrip tion price is T vo Dollars per annum, in advance

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no busines: connection with it should be accom-panied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed enevlope

Ospies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

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Announcements under this heading not exceeding five li es (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each inser 10n. Five cents extra for every additional

Bemi tances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; 18 double that of any daily in the Mari-time Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,64).

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 4

THEIR SIGHT RESTORED.

Some of the most touching passages of literature are those relating to the blind. The most of them are drawn from that fountain-head of what is good in literature as well as what is good in everythingthe Bible. And of all the stories of the miracles wrought by CHRIST there are none that appeal more to the minds of men than those pertaining to the restoration of sight. The Biblical treatment of the healing of blind BARTI-MEUS is one of the grandest things ever written, as is the poem by LONGFELLOW

that "since BALFE could almost create a in which several of the moonshiners and Bohemian style, some aew composer will arise who will give the world a Gallic music."

It was by the same thoughts that are now moving the minds of the musical people of Ireland that TOM MOORE was in spired when he sang:

> The harp that once through Tara's balls The soul of music shed, Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled.

And in another song he makes this beautiful apostrophe:

Dear harp of my country, in silence I found thee, The cold chain of silence had hung round thee long.

But though it was in silence that the great latter-day bard of Erin found the harp that had wakened the echoes of the old hall, he surely found it. The world will ever appreciate the melodies of MOORE to a much greater extent than it would the work of any new singer or composer who may arise to give it an essentially Gallic music. The songs of MOORE are for the world, and the world is not slow in its appreciation of them. And though the revival of the old music at the great Feis is an event of importance to everyone at all Irish or musical-which category includes the most of the civilized world-it will not by any means be an event of such cosmopolitan importance as was the finding of the harp of his country by THOMAS MOORE, unless, indeed, a greater than he is discovered in the revival-a contingency which

Perhaps the most humorous thing in connection with all the recent talk about the all-important woman question is a discovery made upon the death of Professor BISHOFF, of the University of St. Petersburg. This gentleman was vehemently opposed to the admission of female students to that institution, and in general to any concession made to the women's rights advocates. He based the argument that it was wrong to put a woman on an equal footing with a man as far as mental No warrior bold nor hero who bled capacity was concerned on the statement | Nor statesman who fought for his country's weal advanced by him that the average weight of a woman's brain (three pounds, four ounces) was three and one-half ounces less than that of a man. Now upon the death of the professor it is discovered that the brain is considerably less than the average that he allowed women.

most people will regard as doubtful.

paid for by a fund to which all readers the train robbers were fatally wounded. of the paper are at liberty to subscribe.

The following appears in a translation from the German in Cassell's Saturday Journal: "Gent-Look here, how you have swindled me over these pants !" Cassell's Saturday Journal, it will be remembered, is the paper that was recently extremely sarcastic concerning English as spoken and written in Canada.

The Toronto Telegram thinks that Canadian politics is none the less a cut-throat game when politicians meet as friends at scenes of social festivity, and says that it would be better for the country if they could be enemies socially, and act like patriots politically.

Temperance appears to have got a firm toothold in Toronto, judging from the fact that a jury in that city had considerable difficulty in understanding the meaning of the term "drunkenness," and appealed to the court to define "a state of intoxication."

Some socialist has been figuring that the share of land falling to each inhabitant of the globe, if all were equally divided, would be about 231/2 acres.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In the old graveyard with loyalists sown I tranquilly rest on a flat-iong stone 'Neath an arching tree while the children play By the fountain-pool and catch at the spray.

'Tis a quiet nook, a peaceful retreat, And only a step from the busy street And the city square, with never a rail Between it, the church, the courthouse and jail.

Strange grouping it seems of mercy and strife. Detention, freedom, of death and of life, Suggestive contrasts of brightness and gloom. The church and the jail the cradle, the tomb.

Tis thus that I muse this Loyalists' Day In the old graveyard while the children play And spell out the words on a crumbling stone Native of England-Erected-Saint John.

Tis a sacred spot; than its honored dead More loyal and brave, more worthy more leal. THE SUCCESS OF THE AMATEURS.

A Local Operatic Performance With Many Creditable Features.

Alcantara" drew a not altogether crowded house when given by the amateurs last Thursday evening, in the Opera house. Had the S. R. O. sign been hung out it would have been no more than they merited. They put on quite a nice show and with an opera that was not the very easiest of those produced by amateur talent. The grace of movement, the elegance of gesture, the smoothness of work, that attends the effort but, from an amateur point of view, and considering it a first performance, it was highly creditable to all concerned. The characters were all well cast and as well sustained throughout the evening. The work is a very tuneful one and contains so many lovely duets and trios, that the audience applauded vigoriously and would have had it repeated, could it have been done. The principals all seemed to be in good voice and little room was open for fault finding. As a fact in amateur performances one should look for instances of creditable less defective character. Where all did so well it is difficult, perhaps unnecessary, to particularize, but special credit is due of the work, and whose acting throughout was much beyond the average amateur. This young lady, who has only just recovered from an attack of la grippe, added another to her to her laurels, in this new role of Inez, the confidante of Isabella, daughter of the doctor, a role admirably well taken by Mrs. Jones, who looked pretty enough for a lover to take any personal risk to win her. Miss Quinton's best numbers were

THE POSITION OF MR. KNAPP. Ssme Interesting Reading for Those who Attended the Baptist Convention.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS :- As your paper has kept itself free from denominational bias in religion and party bias in politics, I will ask a place in it for the following

You will find on the 24th page of the Baptist Year Book for 1894: "The Report of the Committee on Temperance was read by C. E. Knapp." As Mr. Knapp was not designated as Bro. or Delegate or by any other affix or prefix it may be asked what he was doing at the Convention or why he was there. Well, he was the Delegate from the Eastern Bapuist Association of N. B., and the chairman of the Convention's Committee on Temperance. It was "moved by Rev. S. McC. Black and resolved, That as the report contains matter which the Convention has not time to consider, it be laid on the table until the next meeting of Convention." Mr. Knapp was the writer of the report, and it had been approved of the average professional was wanting, of by a large committee after careful consideration. During the reading of the report there was an uneasiness among the delegates, which would have puzzled a person who knew nothing about the undercurrents in such bodies. After the resolution passed it was suggested that as the report had been read it was the property of the Convention, and that no one would have the right to make its contents public through the press. The absurdity of this was so apparent that it met with but little approval.

I will now give you what seemed to the objectional part of the report. "We will add the men who depend on the rum power for political success. We seldom hold up to public reprobation the men (we will use the words of the Hon. G. E. Foster to describe them), "whose first care is for themselves, their second for the party that shelters them, and their work rather than instances of a more or | third for the country, which exists for the party and themselves," and he might have added, and perhaps now after his political experience could add, who float into place and power on a tide of rum, and sail on to wealth and honors over a sea of the same to Miss Clara Quinton, who had rather most liquor, who owe all the offices and honors they have to those interested directly or indirectly in the liquor traffi:. Lord Rosebery lately said when speaking of the liquor traffic: "But the second part on which I regard it as a danger is this-that if the state does not soon control the traffic, the traffic will control the state.", Wendell Phillips predicted that if universal suffrage ever failed in the U.S., the cause would be rum entrenched in great cities, and commanding every vantage ground. Volney B. Cushing lately, said on the public platform that the liquor traffic dominates large cities and corrupts national affairs. The political power of liquor dealers is increasing because their business is increas. ing. The drink traffic is honeycombing the foun dations of the nation, and unless we cut off the corruption that comes from this source we will ultimate. ly get more than we can handle under our form of government. The suppression is therefore a politilcal issue of the first magnitude. Archdeacon Farrar wrote: "The work of England in the past generation was to abolish the slave trade; the work | if he had. In the first place Moncton of England in the present generation is to abolish the liquor traffic, for it is slavery of the worst kind Two-thirds of the crime and seven-eighths of the pauperism may be traced to intemperance." The Rev. G. M. W. Carey in his sermon on "Our Times" added to Archdeacon Farrar's indictment: "The power of the liquor traffic in local politics is tremendous; for those engaged in it give freely to election funds, besides they contribute large sums annually to the revenue of the country. When necessary they can bribe corrupt politicians and buy the legis lation required. A French statesman once said "two things can reach the top of the pyramid, an eagle and a reptile." In the case of the liquor traffic the reptile climbs. What Rosebery and Farrar said about England, what Phillips and Cushing said about the U.S., and what Carey said about all places where the liquor traffic exists, is equally applicable to Canada. The liquor traffic is destructive of the welfare of the people alike in monarchies, republics and dependencies. We have to contend not only with those engaged in the traffic, but also with those who depend on its profits for their rents and interest. and the politicians who owe to it the places and

THEATRE HATS IN MONOTON.

me Special Reasons why Women Should Consult Their own Comfort.

MONCTON, May 2 .- An interesting feature in connection with the very successful minstrel show given in the Opera house by a number of Moncton ladies on Tuesday evening, was the following item which appeared in the Daily Times the day before the performance :

The minstrel performance to be given by the ladies in the Opera house tomorrow night is to be very largely attended and it would be very thoughtful and considerate of the ladies in the habit of wearing large hats in the Opera house, if they would either remove them while the performance is going on or to forget; to bring them. It will be well understood that none of the large audience. 'ho have secured seats would care to have their view of the novel entertainment obstructed even by a Trilby.

Now I don't know anyone who feels more strongly on the subject of the theatre hat than I do, but at the same time I think it is only justice to the Moncton ladies to explain ome of the difficulties which beset the path of the reformers in our town, lest the idea should go abroad that they are especially addicted to the theatre hat habit. and as inconsiderate of the comfort of others as some of the four hundred of New York.

Nine years ago when the Opera house was first built a few of the ladies of Moncton tried to introduce the custom of a careful coiffure and no hat, when attending entertainments in the pretty new theatre which was such an ornament to the city. The Opera house was new then, as I have said, and reasonably clean, so a lady might wear a light dress and an opera cloak without the certainty of getting them both ruined, which exists now. It soon became apparent that the one thing she could not do. was to remove her hat unless she wished to attract more attention than the company who were performing. I wished the writer of that item in the Times could have heard some of the remarks that I have been obliged to listen to, when a lady removed her hat after taking her seat in the Opera house. I think he would have changed his opinion on the subject Opera house is destitute of a cloak room of any kind, and the chairs are built with more regard for the enconomy of space than the convenience of the occupants, so the lady who wished to remove her head covering had first to brace her feet against the chair in front of her in order to prevent her wrap, opera-glass, programme and faa from slipping on the floor, and then when the hat was removed add it to the collection of articles on her lap, and spend any leisure moments she could spare from contemplation of the stage, in picking up first one of her possessions and then another, as they slid to the floor. But difficult and inconvenient as the process of removal was, it sunk into insignificance beside the task of putting that hat on again ! That it might be the simplest "Tam" only requiring one hat pin to hold it in place, did not seem to make any difference, because the first bars of "God save the Queen" are invariably the signal tor a general stampede, to a Moncton audience, and it would be like trying to sten the tide of the Bay of Fundy with an ordinary pail, to offer any opposition, once the rush begins. Therefore the position of the woman who is trying to put on her hat, and save the rest of her belongings from destruction while everyone around her is pushing and struggling to get out, is far from being an enviable one. The most attentive escort in the world will not find it easy to hold a lady's fan, glass, help her on with her wrap, and get into his own overcoat all at the same time and while the people in the inner chairs are making wild attempts to get out, as if the Opera house was on fire; so it is scarcely to be wondered at if by the time the hat is on, and the belongings gathered together, both lady and escort are slightly out of temper. And even this is not the worst part of it; the moment a woman begins to remove her hat, the general interest in the performance on the stage begins to flag, and she becomes the centre of attraction. Glasses are levelled at her, heads are turned, and as she takes out the last pin and removes her hat, an audible titter ripples lightly over the audidone is to make them pay more than heretofore for | ence and people in the immediate vicinity exchange glances of scornful superiority or pitying surprise, and the luckless object of all this unsought attention feels very much, as a man would if he he had unexpecte ly removed both his coats, instead of only his overcoat, and stood revealed in his shirt sleeves. Unless that woman is more of an angel than most people, she resolves on the spot that in future she will only consult her own convenience in the matter of headgear, and wear just what she

In the Old Graveyard. (LOYALISTS' DAY.)

Eichberg's comic opera "The Doctor of

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1895.

commemorating that event, or the even loftier one of that sad humorist, BURDETTE, "Light of the world, have pity ! I am blind." Perhaps a poet never compressed into

one line such a thorough picture of sorrow as that in which MILTON describes the once powerful SAMSON as "eyeless in Gaza, in the mill with slaves." Mr. HUNTER's blindness, sad in itself, had not the sad accompaniments of that of the afflicted agonist. He was blind ; but he was in his own city, he still had charge of the work that was most congenial to him ; and more than all, he was with friends-friends to whom it was a labor of love to guide his feet.

Last Tuesday was a happy day for a well-known St. John family. For on that day the telegraph instruments clicked happily as they did their part in announcing that RODGER HUNTER, who has not seen the light of heaven for sixteen year , had again received his sight-a veritable miracle of modern days.

No writer that ever lived could have a more <u>rowerful</u> theme than much that of the emotions with which Mr. HUNTER's mind is welling since his sight has been restored. Feelings of pain will be his, no doubt, to witness the changes that had take place in some of the people and the scenes that he loved and loves, but the great feeling of pleasure at having recovered the priceless gift of sight,"which we who see cannot value as much as those who have seen, and now see not, or as much as those who, like Mr. HUNTER, have lived in enjoyment of the sense of sight, have been deprived of it, and have recovered it again.

On the same night that the HUNTER family was rejoicing at the good news from Montreal, a blind musician, a stranger, was dying in another part of St. John. A large audience had assembled to hear the playing of a man who, though deprived of one sense, had others developed to a degree that caused him to be a source of delight to thousands. All sorts and conditions were proud to do reverence to Professor HEINE because of his power in the art he loved. It was a sad scene at the Carleton City Hall when the gifted violinist, while preparing for his opening piece, was stricken with apoplexy. But though it was in a strange land that death came to him, it is well that he was with his dearest friends when the summons came to "join the choir innumerable.'

His eyes are opened to the glories of world where blindness is unknown.

THE SILENT HARP.

Those who have heard the songs of Erin sung this week, will be interested in the revival of old Irish music which is now agitating the land of the mournful banshee. A great Feis, or national musical festival, will knowing that there was such a foe forever soon be held in Dablin. Its objects are "the performance of Irish music in strict accordance with the traditional manner; the publication of Irish airs now preserved in manuscript, and the notation of such tones, or fragments of tunes, as have yet been recorded; the use of the Irish language in rendering the songs; and the stimulation of the creation of "a new Irish school of composers who, by their works, may prove that it is possible for Irish musicians to be as truly national in their art as DVORAK or GRIEG have been." negro train robbers came upon a comp of And now the critics are anticipating a moonshiners. As each party and

Perhaps the last place where one would at first thought expect to look for a solution of the tramp problem is little Hollandtor one would naturally think that in such a busy hive there would be no drones-that there would be no tramp problem to solve. There is nothing rotten in the state of Holland, judging from the fact that it maintains a farm of five thousand acres, where able-bodied men applying for relief are sent to earn their living. The men who will not work at the farm are sent to a labor colony, where those "who don't work and won't work are made to work, and where loafers find that they are out of the frying-pan into an even more uncomfortable position. But if the men prove tractable and learn to cultivate the soil, the state rents small farms to them, which they are expected to till.

The overproduction of cotton seems to be the cause of the great scarcity of cash all over the southern states and the subsequent decline in trade. The south has had a good many lessons showing the folly of this overproduction, but it still goes on planting considerably too much cotton. A New York paper once explained this as follows: "The cotton-planting aristocracy is proud and even haughty, and will break away from the old traditions only after several years of starvation and a thirst unsacisfied. To see these fine old southern gentlemen tiptoeing through the graveyard of their hopes to save sole-leather is a painful spectacle, but travellers in the south see it every day." Louisiana is showing some sense in this matter, but the other states of the south are woefully lacking in this Monday," says the Courier editor, "and characteristic.

A most interesting bit of legislation is that recently passed by the New York legislature, allowing dental colleges to receive and operate on human bodies as do medical eolleges. The law seems wise as well as interesting, inasmuch as the dentist of the present day is practically a physician and surgeon. Before being allowed to practice he should be familiar with the whole human body, especially the head and the nervous spstem, and to gain this knowledge a knowledge of dissection is of the utmost importance.

How much happier a world it was, when we ate, and drank, and kissed, and shook hands with the ubiquitous bacillus without lied solely up lic contiment in th with us. The silliest outcome of the bacilli fad is that of a number of people in Russia who comprise a society for the copy of suppression of hand-shaking. Its founder | paper is a physician, who, with his followers, believes the practice is injurious, on ac- The count of the probable transmission of microbes.

Where British hearts throb, the Union Jack wayes. No living apart, no place for their graves, But under the flag they love and revere, Hence loyalists live and are buried here.

Sons of Great Britain-and of Ireland too-Descendants of such as fought Waterloo, The land of your choice, our birthplace and hom We prize, we love it, nor from it would roam.

For of countries great few greater than this. Land of the Rockies whose mountain tops kiss The sun, vast and grand, fertile, prolific. From shores Atlantic to shores Pacific.

And here we unfurl with hearty halloo Its hist'ry, our own the " red, white and blue." And here are the graves of those we would meet In the beyond, in the life complete. St. John, N. B. C. H. D.

A Shadow of the Night.

Close on the edge of a midsummer dawn n troubled dreams I went from land to land Each seven colored like the rainbows's arc, legions where never fancy's foot had trod then; yet all the strange

strange, Whereon I wondered, reasoning in my dream. At last I came to this our cloud-hung earth, d some where by the seashore was a grave, A woman's grave, new made, and heaped with

flowers; And near it stood an ancient holy man That fain would comfort me, who sorrowed not For this unknown dead woman at my feet, But I, because his sacred office held My reverence, listened; and 'twas thus he spoke: "When next thou comest thou shalt find her still In all the rare perfection that she was. Thou shalt have gentle greeting of thy love! Her eyelids will have turned to violets. Her bosom to white lilies, and her breath To roses. What is lovely never dies. But passes into other loveliness, Star-dust, or sea-form, flower, or winged air It this befalls our poor unworthy flesh, Think thee what destiny awaits the soul! What glorious vesture it shall wear at last! While yet he spoke, seashore and grave and pr Vanished, and fainly from a neighboring spire Fell five slow solemn strokes upon my ear. Then I awoke with a keen pain at heart, A sense of swift unutterable le And through the darkness reached my hand Her cheek, soft-pillowed on one restful palm-To be quite sure! T. B. ALDRICH.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

days ago which contained on its mner face an advertisement of a poultry condition could distinguish plainly several of the backward." The editor draws the inf

Some St. John job pri trying for the Print best written adver who ought to show The latest conver-

means of the public effective methods. Camden County. N

ped torches, massme election no

solo "Ah ! woe is me !" She tried to proceed with her part, but the audience insisted so warmly, she courteously repeated the concluding stanza. Miss Annie L. Lugrin was very consist-

probably "If lovers come," "Tis vain

'gainst love to fight," while the intro-

duced song and chorus "Love will find a

way" was equally well given. Mrs. Jones

received a well deserved encore for her

ent throughout as Domia Lucrezia, the wife of the doctor, and sang her role well, especially as her voice has only been available for singing for the past few days. This lady had no easy duty to perform in watching her daughter and counteracting the efforts of Inez in sympathy with Isabella. Mr. A. Lindsav had the title role. and being in good voice, it is needless to say he sang well, although his was not a strictly tenor part. Mr. J. Kelly, as Carlos, the lover, was a veritable surprise. He sang and acted his role admirably and with an ease and manifest idea of stage work that is seldom shown outside professionals. The part of Don Pomposo was entrusted to Mr. A. W. Smith, who is always a student and may be relied on for faithful work. Sepor Balthazar by J. Rainnie was very founty in the bed-chamber scene and may always be relied upon to say or do something laughable. This gentleman and Mr. Percy Thomson were so funny in their little scene as the porters that the audience compelled them to repeat a part of their song. There is not much chorus work in this opera, but what there was to be done was given with a promptness, snap, spirit and interest that indicated perfect familiarity with the work. There was a little drawing off between chorus and orchestra once that was dangerous but not disastrous.

The orchestra was really good throughout and played the overture so well that they were heartily applauded. It was a good omen at the opening or interlude act rather.

In the stage setting for the second act there were some invocations apparent, such as an electrolier which is modern, but which dusterially to the beauty of the scene. But when the curtain was rung up on the and act proper, disclosing Isabella tanding on the balcony in the moonlight, was so pretty that spontaneous applause was bestowed from all parts of house, The moonlight effect was ble and the whole thing reflects in a very complimentery way upon the good and judgment of Mr. J. J. McCaffrey, the stage manager of the company. The idea of giving these operas from i me to time is a good one and it is hoped these ladies and gentlemen will continue studies in this direction during the mer so that further entertainment may e given in the early autumn. Such performances are very popular in the towns and cities of New England States and there

powers it has given them." "The liquor traffic hands in the \$9,000,000 it annually pays into the Dominion revenue, and to this you must add what it pays into the treasuries of municipalities, cities and towns, a power not easily. measured. This income is one of the most potent arguments used a rainst prohibition. Politicians say, take this away from the revenue and where is the money to come from to provide great and small local improvements. They might add to inflaence voters in election and buy up constituencies. &c., The Jews, degenerate as they were, shuddered at the idea of putting the thirty pieces in the treasury, but our politicians receive this price of blood without a scruple. Who will venture to say that this money, coming as it does from a traffic prolific in vice and crime, poverty, misery and death, is not used to make the people the slaves of bad men, who creep into parliament through the bung holes of empty rum puncheons from which the liquor was drained to brutalise electors.

We have failed in all our attempts to procure prohibition. Our last petitions and delegations brought forth that abortion the "royal commission," like sailors' grog and water, made up as it is of users of intoxicants, an advocate of high license and a prohibitionist. This commission has travelled all over Canada and part of the U. S., lodging, dinning and wining at the most prominent and expensive rum holes. When on its tours it lingered lovingly in licensed hotels, sampling their drinks, all to as-

certain what any ten year old boy could have read to them from Hon. G. E. Foster's book, The Canada Temperance Manual and Prohibitionist's Hand Book. This hybrid committee has not yet reported. What the labors of this mountain may result in we cannot say. We may surmise that the two mice will be, one a report in favor of high license, the other prohibition. Like Joshua of old, the Rev. Joseph McLeod will say, we are able to go up and drive out the rum Philistians from the land, while his associates will insist that the giants in the traffi are too strong for open resistance and must be pro pitiated by a license law, that the best that can be the permission to spread broadcast crime, misery and poverty, and destroy the bodies and damn the souls of men. Petitions and delegations have had no more effect than the tufts of grass the old man used to drive the boys out of his apple trees.

The report contained more than I have given you, but the part omitted could not have been in any way objectionable to the most fastidious. The reference to the "royal commission" shows that the chairman of the committee on temperance had then arrived at a correct conclusion as to what the Com. mission would do. In one thing, however, he tell far short of the mark. He stated the report would no doubt they would be equally well recost the Dominion \$30,000. It is now admitted that vill cost not much less than \$70,000. Just thm \$70,000 to keep the high license nigger hid in the wood pile, if possible, until after the election. Some of your readers may infer that there is in the public. Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces some controlling power that ties its hands when it is called on to sanction the whole truth about temperance and prohibition. The report on temperance in 1893 met the same fate as the report of 1894. By a motion that it be laid over for further con sideration it was buried and it will probably never the ablest documen's ever read before the convention. It was written by a minister, and deserved a better fate. The report of 1894 will be resusitated in 1895 when the convention meets in St. John, and on commanding point in the city, a tall it will then have the two reports of the "royal commission" to show the correctness of t arrived at by Mr. Knapp. Dorchester, N. B., April 29th, 1895. aess of the o C. E. K. Cheir sterling loyality to the crown, and the hard- Europe were made by a Greek in 548 for a should keep to the beaten path. B. A. S. | church built by the Frank King Childebert.

The advertisements in an Athens n paper are written entirely in verse. According to the Digby Courier. tleman of that town opened an powder. "We saw the egg

ters, which were exactly to as they would be in a new ence from this singular acc hen knows how to appreciate own behalf.

great many good ad. writers in

A tragic but humorous illustration of poetic justice was that which took p and the Tower, Ala., last week, when a game of rival to the Welsh' Eistedied, and hoping ! other for a posse of police a beelle

Teacher-Plants thrive only in sunlight, o they not P Smart Pupil-Not all of them. ·Can you name an exception ?" tr lina "Yes'm. An electric light plant." minaly A Suggestion. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS : Soon another May will pass. Why not now take the initial step to errect a fitting memorial to the the memory of the Loyalists ? rough column of native granite. Are the descendents of the Loyalists ashamed of their forefathers, that so long a time has clapsed, tout their acknowledging in some sarer way, him that they endured ?

ived in this city.

pleases rather than sacrifice her own comfort in the interest of an unappreciative

Under circumstances like these it is not to be wondered at that the anti-theatre hat movement was short-lived in Moncton! I know if I were a woman I should wear just what I pleased on my head, and if I have a resurrection. The report of 1893 was one of did not possess a small bonnet I would pin my picturesque "Trilby"-whatever that may be-firmly to my nut brown locks, and keep it in position with a clear conscience, throughout the performance. The way of the pioneer, like that of the transgressor, is hard, so until the public The first glass windows in Western mind was in a more receptive state I

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.